

Phone's at the side of my bed
It's close to the end of September
And I'm not missing you like I did
I just hope it's a date you remember
'Cause I know we said we won't speak
Messes with your heartbreak
I know you need your space but

Call me on my birthday
Just say hi
Be fake nice to me
Go ahead and hate me
For 364
I'll live mine and you'll live yours
But there'll always be a part of me
That's a little bit in love with you
I understand that leaving you for good means
I can't have my cake and eat it too
We ended in the worst way
But will you still call me on my birthday?

Don't wanna try this again
I don't wanna ask any questions
'Cause how you are and how've you been
Leads to who you're sleeping with
And what you do and where you live
How far you are from over this
Frankly I don't give a shit just

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